8145.4.

A SECOND

LETTER

TO

A Perſon of Diſtinction in Town,

FROM

A GENTLEMAN in the Country.

CONTAINING,

Among other Things, ſome REMARKS on a late PAMPHLET, entitled, *Political Paſtime; or, Faction diſplay'd.*

A Fool quite angry is quite innocent. POPE.

DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year MDCCLIII.

A SECOND

LETTER

TO

A Person of Distinction in Town,

FROM

A GENTLEMAN in the Country.

A SECOND LETTER TO A Perſon of Diſtinction in Town, FROM A GENTLEMAN in the Country.

My LORD,

RETIRED as I am from the Buſtle of the World, and deſtitute of every Ambition, but that of fulfilling the End of my Exiſtence in the happy, though contracted, Sphere allotted me; yet muſt I avow myſelf not a little pleaſed at the Account your Lordſhip was ſo obliging as to give me of the favourable Reception which my laſt, and only, Attempt in Print was honoured with by the Public. It was written, indeed, in much Hurry and Inattention, amidſt a Variety of very intereſting Avocations; nor could any Thing have tempted me to permit it to the Preſs, but a Conſciouſneſs that every Sentiment was the Produce of a good Intention, unbias'd by Prejudice, and uninfluenced by Favours; from which naturally reſulted a Hope, that an Appearance of this ſame Sincerity might ſo far ſtrike the Imagination of a candid and good-natured Reader, as to incline him to overlook the Inaccuracies which probably muſt have enſued from the Circumſtances wherein it was penn'd.

However enormous the Steps of Authority, and violent and insidious the Measures, exerted toward the Destruction of this Country; yet even these would hardly have been sufficiently powerful to excite my Vanity to take the Quill against them; and had there been no other Motive, I should have left until this Hour unattempted a Task as hazardous as it was new. For to what Purpose? The national Interest stood self-secured; its own alluring Excellence had attracted many honourable Proselytes, and where THAT could fail of Success, no Man of common Modesty could hope for better Fortune, even from the most elaborate Productions of Reason, or the strongest and most lively Representations of Ridicule and Humour; I mean, among the Persons engaged in Affairs: For an ordinary Knowledge of the World shews us, that their Division becomes instantly decisive, when the Cause of Virtue displays itself in all its Charms; none can resist her Power but the worst of Men, and they lie as irretrievably bound in the Chains of Corruption, blinded by her dazling Glitter to their own real and eternal Interests, and deaf to every Call of BENEVOLENCE and PUBLIC Good.

In this Situation, my Lord, where intrinsic Principles had determined the Choice among the Actors of the Scene, little could avail the Labours of the most consummate Genius, much less my weak Attempts; and where unprejudiced and unconcerned Persons were to judge, the Conduct of our Enemies spoke sufficiently for itself, and wanted no Comment to display its Pravity: Nay, even through the Mists of Ignorance or uniform'd Capacity, the Extravagance of their Proceedings forced its Passage, and excited all that Abhorrence and Indignation which every Lover of his Country could desire. All hitherto was carried on by the only Means

the

the Nature of their Schemes would permit; and if the Cause could boast of any Thing, it was a Taciturnity that look'd like some Degree of Reverence to Truth, and an Unwillingness to abuse its sacred Rules by perverting them into a Palliation of their iniquitous and unjust Designs.

But to curse the Party, and expose their Deformity, some malevolent Being whisper'd in the Ear of one of their unlucky Followers, and bid him write. This poor Gentleman had unfortunately dabled in Books, where having found a Variety of Encomiums on the Force and Charms of Reason, and that a Portion of that Faculty entered the Definition of Man, he took a Fancy to extend *his* intellectual Abilities, to reconcile us to the Merits of his Cause and throw a fictitious Beauty on its Features by Dint of Intimacy with the Ancients. To which adventurous Project was added another much more feasible, and, to him, of much more Importance, to wit, the very probable View of being preferr'd for his Intrepidity in thus leading the Way to a Scheme of Defence, which even the most flattering Hopes of his Patrons had never before suggested to them. Resolving thus to avail himself of his *good Education*, he gets ready his *Cicero*, *Tacitus*, and *Isocrates*, brushes the Dust off his *Æschylus*, and sits down determined to persuade us, that we *might* and must give up the Care of our Felicity out of the Hands of our proper, natural, and only Guardians, to the Discretion of a Set of Men, by Interest and Principle, not only unconnected with our Fortunes, but also invariably bent on our Destruction.

With this Design, and those Materials, he falls to Work; History and Mythology are ransack'd, and his *Theme* is, in the collegiate Mode, garnished with Instances and Examples. To disguise its *Rumniness*, *Shakespear*, being spoken

of

of as a Book of *Taſte*, was, at all Events, introduced, with every old-faſhioned Joke that Memory could ſupply. From all which noble Ingredients, ſhaken together, out comes the *Candid Inquiry*, introducing the P——e, in very uncommon Painting, to the Acquaintance and Eſteem of our *Repreſentatives in Parliament, and their ſeveral Electors*, beſpattering all his Oppoſers, threatning us with his invincible Superiority, and cloſing all with —A hearty Wiſh for an Accommodation.

Wretched as this laboured Performance was, abounding with flagrant Inconſiſtencies, diſguſting Scurrility, and Arguments and Diſcoveries, the moſt deſtructive of the Syſtem he took ſo much Pains to recommend; yet there are ſo many of the Community, who, by various Circumſtances, are rendered incapable of judging but by public Accounts, and too indolent to beſtow even that ſmall Share of Attention that is neceſſary to detect the Imperfections of ſo bad a Cauſe as our Author's, that to leave his Aſſertions unexpoſed, and his Gloſſings, tho' ſo ſuperficial, untouched, might have been the Foundation of many pernicious Miſtakes and Prejudices. Such a Work, and ſuch an Antagoniſt, I flattered myſelf I was equal to; and, prompted by this, I was induced to ſpare a few Hours from a Scene of Hurry, and commit to Paper ſome of thoſe Sentiments, which muſt, on ſuch an Occaſion, ariſe in every honeſt and ſpirited Mind, where a People was thus repetitionally inſulted by ſo bad a Defence of ſo bad a Cauſe.

If one may be allowed to judge of the Merits of an Eſſay of this Kind from the Effect of it on its Adverſary, I ſhould draw an Inference in Favour of my little Performance that might ſwell my Vanity too high; for it has incenſed my Friend the *Inquirer* to a prodigious Pitch. This was

really

really more than I intended, nor am I quite eaſy in my Mind, about the ugly Conſequences, which the apparent corroding Violence of his Conſtitution gives me no ſmall Reaſon to apprehend. His Rage and Indignation are without Limit, and the Endeavours he has uſed to conceal them will, I fear, make their internal Operation ſtill more dangerous. Every Perſon who adventures to meddle where Party is concern'd, muſt, indeed, lay his Account for meeting many ſevere and ſatyrical Reflections, as ſome Degree of Acrimony is but too inſeparable from a Difference of Sentiments in Matters of Importance; but I do not recollect to have read any one in this Way, who ſeems to be ſo thoroughly carry'd out of himſelf by Vehemence of Paſſion, as the Gentleman I have had the Fortune to clath with.

A ſecond Edition of his Pamphlet *was ſet on foot*, and at the Head of it appeared an Advertiſement, aſſuring the Public, there was nothing to the Purpoſe in all that had been written in Anſwer to him; for that not one of them had, in any Sort, induced him to retract his Sentiments, informing them, that the Characters of his Heroes had brighten'd up prodigiouſly in *his Eye*, by Means of the Dirt that had been thrown upon them by theſe mercenary Scriblers; and promiſing the World that they ſhould have a Reply to the *Letter*, as ſoon as he had diſpatch'd ſome private Affairs, after which he declared he would lay himſelf out for ſcolding, and abuſe it heartily. Notwithſtanding this Puff, I confeſs to your Lordſhip, I thought I ſhould have heard no more of him, but I was miſtaken; for, at that very Inſtant, the cruel Man had his ſecond Performance on the Anvil, and profeſſed himſelf otherwiſe employ'd, only the better to preſerve it in *Petto* for the Arrival of the Lord Lieutenant; his Grace was to be preſented with it in Form, and the Name

of

of Dorset, the *Mæcenas* on Record of every brilliant Genius, was, of all others, the fittest to appear in the Front of our Author's ingenious Compositions. This would, at the same Time, answer, in the most desirable Manner, the prime Motive of his Labours, give a Sanction to his Performance, and effectually intimidate even the most daring from presuming to oppose it.

Here first, my Lord, I repented of my sitting down to confute his *Inquiry*; nay, I could not but accuse myself of some Degree of Stupidity, in not foreseeing this Event. How natural was it, reflected I, to expect that a poor Man like this, palpably actuated only by a Prospect of some Preferment, and who does not care a Penny, exclusive of that, if both his own and the other Party were at old *Nick*, that such a one would be so far from being chagrined at a Confutation, that it was the most delicious Incident he could wish for, his first Attempt might have been forgot, and the Merit which he built upon it, had he not met an Opportunity of repeating it; and we find every Day how the most unmeaning Sound will force itself into Notice by Perseverance, and leaving a jingling *Memento* in the Ear. Was it not, in Proportion to my small Powers, pursuing the ridiculous ill-judged Plan of 1710, thus to contribute toward the Importance of this second *Sacheverel*, as like him in his Doctrines, as in his Genius and Effrontery? He had no Character, as an Author, to risk by a second Attempt; and I was infatuated not to foresee, that he would not cease to write, while Adulation could please, and Scurrility meet with Favour.

It seems, my Lord, this is one of that Class of Mortals, whom there is no discouraging; an old incorrigible profess'd Party-Writer. It is to this, his happy Talent, that this Kingdom is indebted for his Presence at this Day. *For your Intention-Sake,*

Sake, ſays his involuntary Patron on the other Side of the Water, *I will do ſomething for you, But — Sir* — WRITE NO MORE; ſo on that Condition he was recommended and provided for here.

On receiving his *Political Paſtime*, or *Faction diſplay'd*, I confeſs my Curioſity was not a little raiſed; I knew my old Friend by his Motto, notwithſtanding the humorous Addition of *Lover of Liberty, and Friend to his Country*; and as all Ridicule of this Nature riſes in Proportion to the Inequality between the Subject-Matter and the Powers of the Diſcuſſer, ſo I could not but promiſe myſelf a good deal of Amuſement from the Pamphlet before me, the Title of it giving me great Reaſon to expect, that ſome late, important, political Occurrences might conſtitute the Topic of his Diſſertation. But he was more wiſely employ'd, and was directing his Talents in a Manner more adequate to their Vigour, and more immediately to the Purpoſe of their Poſſeſſor.

My vainly anxious and inquiring Eye was firſt ſaluted, or rather dazzled, with a DEDICATION! This, thought I, confirms my Hopes; he has invoked our Tutelar Deity; and, by ſuch a magnificent Exordium, ſome ſolemn Rite muſt enſue. The unhappy *Memorial* is to be the Sacrifice; no other Victim ſo proper or acceptable: The *Bully-Letters* ſhall ſupply the moſt grateful Incenſe, and our proſtrate Prieſt ſhall, with all his uſual Charms of Inſpiration, call down Vengeance on this rebellious People, and — ſteal a Sigh for ſome little moderate Prebend for himſelf. Big with this Expectation, I haſted to cut the Leaves; when lo! inſtead of my Lord *K——e*, I found — myſelf! inſtead of an Attempt to confute that unpardonable Proceeding with a Shew of Reaſon, Hiſtory, and the Nature of our Conſtitution, covered with a decent Solemnity, that might

render it more ſeemingly fit to be laid at the Feet of its mighty Patron, our chief Governor was preſented with a ſecond Edition of my little Pamphlet; labouring, indeed, under ſome Diſadvantages of being mutilated, miſ-recited, and miſ-repreſented; but happy in any Guiſe to be honoured with his Grace's Eye.

Before I could well attend to any other Circumſtance, I found myſelf under a Neceſſity of indulging a Fit of Mirth at a Miſtake I found my Author's Zeal had led him into; it had made him blind enough to attribute my Production to a Gentleman, whoſe Abilities have been long diſtinguiſh'd, and have rendered him particularly uſeful in contributing to the Defence of his Country. The Truths contained in it had Hurt, and Reſentment immediately pointed toward him, from whoſe extraordinary Powers, the Party had ſo often experienced Detection and Contempt, and againſt whom their Malice is proportionably implacable. I confeſs, I laughed a good deal at the Buffets and Abuſe given to the poor innocent Baronet, who is now in the important Scene of Action, much better employ'd than I am, in anſwering the *Candid Inquirer* — How charitable, and how ſagacious are the Workings of ſuch a Spirit! — Sure that Gentleman has Reaſon to ſay with *Pope*,

——And can I chuſe but ſmile,
When ev'ry Blockhead knows me by my Stile?

You deſire, my Lord, I will ſay as much as this Pamphlet of his will afford Matter for, and I will endeavour to obey you, though, I proteſt, it is a very diſagreeable Taſk: It is, indeed, an admirable Sequel to the *Candid Inquiry*: The Stile is long and flimſy, and as for the Ideas — *apparent raræ nantes* — One ſtarts up here and there,

there, and floats; looks, at a Diſtance, like *ſomething*, until you attempt to touch it; then ſinks, and leaves you in a wide Expanſe of Words. This, my Lord, is an endleſs Fatigue; a clear and meaning Stile, and cloſe connected Arguments, ſuch as reſult from good Senſe and an honeſt Cauſe, afford, indeed, ſome Room for Animadverſion, and take off from the Unpleaſingneſs of Writing: But what is to be done with an irregular, furious, vapouring, poor Creature, like this? I believe even you, my Lord, would be at a Loſs to know.

Without further Ceremony, however, I will begin to do what I can; but I muſt firſt declare, and I hope you will forgive me, that you ſhall never catch me again at encountering any Writer of this Stamp: If I muſt ever dabble in Ink, I will do myſelf the Juſtice to chuſe an Adverſary, who may afford me ſome Pleaſure in the Conteſt, and a Poſſibility of Honour in a Victory. This will ſecure me from the diſagreeable Neceſſity I am now brought into, of banging Inſenſibility, and throwing Contempt on the higheſt Self-Satisfaction.

To do Honour firſt to his Dedication, which is, indeed, extraordinary in every Article, I muſt beg Leave to recommend to your Lordſhip's Contemplation, two very curious Anecdotes, and which, I believe, you will allow to be entirely new in their Kind. After abuſing the *Memorial* and *Memorialiſt*, and giving a Detail of the Progreſs of *Faction*, he informs us, in the Height of his Glory, that he had the Honour of tranſmitting to his Grace, to *England*, his laſt Performance, the CANDID INQUIRY; and ſoon after burſts into the alluring Confeſſion, the moſt recommendatory Boaſt, that he is, and long hath been, beatify'd in an intimate Acquaintance with our Metropolitan. Did not this make you ſtare, my Lord?

Are you not aſhamed to place me againſt ſuch an Antagoniſt? — Sure never was any Man, more particularly a Party-Writer, ſo totally deſtitute of common Caution! The Weight of Impartiality is eminently requiſite in Treatiſes of that Nature, as the Topics are of ſuch great and univerſal Concern; but here is a Gentleman, who, not content with implicitly diſplaying himſelf in every Line, muſt, in plain Terms, avow himſelf in the cloſeſt Connection with one of the Principals of the Party, the Hero of his Tale, and brag, with the greateſt Pomp, that he writ for the Peruſal of him, who is (at leaſt ſeemingly) the Head and Life of thoſe Deſigns, which, in that very Performance, he attempted to vindicate! This too, after repeated Declarations therein, that every Sentiment took its Riſe from no other Motive on Earth, but an Impulſe in Favour of injured Innocence, and an Ambition to promote the public Good! The unhappy *Inquiry!* Had thy Ruin wanted any Thing to compleat it, this would have done it to Perfection. Such Teſtimonies of Impartiality and Veracity! And from a Man's own Mouth too, an old and experienced Author!

Leaving the few Hints in this Dedication, that relate to ſome important Matters, to be enlarged on in another Place, and permitting our Author the full Enjoyment of the many modeſt Encomiums on himſelf therein alſo contain'd, proceed we now to the Eſſay itſelf; on which before I enter, I muſt beg your Lordſhip not to be too ſevere in your Opinion, but let your Good-nature take into Conſideration, that it was written merely and ſolely as a Baſis of the prefixed Addreſs; it is, indeed, pretty plain, that, had Cuſtom authorized it, the whole Bulk of the Pamphlet would have been a DEDICATION; ſo that, having a View to his Intent, you muſt throw a forgiving Eye on the ſubſequent Part of the Performance.

The

The Plan of his Proceedings he judiciously draws from his Fund of Satyrical Humour. The Reason of this Choice, he informs his Grace, was founded on the immortal *Ridiculum acri*, by which lucky Quotation, he ingeniously steals out of the distressing Necessity of entering into the Merits of his Cause. Truth is, indeed, too formidable a Foe for the most powerful Abilities in open fair Attack, and an empty Jibe could be the only Refuge of an Adversary like this; a Kind of Skirmish, which, though incapable of hurting, yet always leaves an Open for Retreat. Besides, I fancy the *Success* of the *Inquiry* had given him some little Dislike to a Shew of Argument. But, whatever was his Motive, Severity of Humour was his Plan, and to work he goes. The first Victims were two or three Pamphlets, extorted by the ridiculous Insolence of his *Inquiry*; much more deserving Attention than mine, and therefore, I suppose, he passed them over, after some Strokes collected from the *Battle of the Books*, and leaving the full Force to their Confutation. Mine he introduces in all the Pomp that Extravagance and Incoherency could supply, and, like an experienced Connoisseur, places it, as the principal Figure of the Piece, in the most glaring Point of Light, the better to illustrate all its Complication of *Falsehoods* and *Villanies*.

Being an Enemy of the first Degree, my Punishment was to be suited to my Crimes; a new Instrument of Torture was devised to distinguish me by Ignominy and Pain, and strike a Terror among all my *facetious* Associates. The Contrivance, my Lord, was this, and, indeed, but for a trifling Mistake of the Artificer, it would have been a grievous one. Having heard, or read, that no Master-piece in Writing is so excellent, as that which retorts the Arguments of an Antagonist, and makes them subservient to his

his own Deſtruction, he determines to proceed upon this Model; but happening in his Hurry to take *Repetition* for *Retorting*, he puts ſeveral Scraps, pick'd off from different Paragraphs of my Pamphlet, into the Mouth of a third Perſon, ſuppoſed to be of the ſame Sentiments with himſelf, and that, without ever dreaming to annex one Circumſtance to throw a Ridicule. This is a Species of Irony, of which, I believe, my Author will be allow'd the ſole Honour of the Invention.

But, becauſe even a Repetition could not always be ſo dextrouſly introduced, the *eaſy* and *ingenious* Expedient with Readineſs ſuggeſted itſelf to our Author, of changing my Words into others, which would fall into the Sphere of his Burleſque, and, at the ſame Time, by being put in *Italic* Characters, may be miſtaken for mine by the Generality of Readers, who are too little intereſted, to be at the Trouble of a Compariſon. This Stratagem was alſo play'd with great Succeſs. *Dolus an Virtus*, an old Maxim with his Party, occurr'd to him, and he found himſelf qualify'd for its Execution. The many Inſtances of this, I ſhall not, at preſent, ſet about to enumerate, but leave them to the Contemplation of ſuch as think it worth their while to recur to my former *Letter* for Conviction, and congratulate my Author on the Sentiments that will be excited in his Favour, in Conſequence of ſuch a Review, and a Reflection on his many obvious Miſrepreſentations; one or two of which I will beg Leave to mention, not to vindicate my Meaning, but to help your Lordſhip to a full Idea of this Gentleman's Abilities, and Candour.

In Pages 9. and 10. of my Letter, I had pointed at the Want of Intereſtedneſs in the Concerns of Society, which muſt neceſſarily ſubſiſt where an Indifference to the Welfare of Poſterity prevails;

prevails; and, to confirm this Sentiment, I produced the Sanction of Antiquity in the Encouragement given to Marriages, and the View in which the Eunuchs were conſidered in thoſe Ages by the moſt politic and the moſt beneficent Princes. This was all that was there *expreſſed*; but I alſo confeſs that an Inference, too indelicate for plain Terms, was there intended, and, I think, pretty apparently, againſt ſuch as aſpire to the Direction of a whole People, and, conſequently, to the greateſt Influence on the Welfare of them and their Poſterity for ever; yet not only negatively demonſtrate an Averſion to the Source of all the endearing Relations, but alſo improve that ſelfiſh, unſociable, Temperament, by an Indulgence of Paſſions, in their very Nature, inconſiſtent with the Happineſs of Society, and even private Life, much more with a tender Care for the Felicity of Millions. In this Light I characteriſed them with the Eunuchs, as actuated by the ſame political Principles, though from a different Cauſe. And, in this Light, I apply'd that Quotation, ſo remarkably applicable to *both*, and ſo extremely pertinent to our preſent Situation. The Purport of it was, that being unconnected with the preſent and future Race of Mankind, and ſolely intent on their own Elevation, they endeavoured its Accompliſhment by the baſeſt Meaſures; *By ſo effectually beſetting their Prince, and ſuffering Nothing, to reach his Ear, unconſonant with their own Miſrepreſentations, that the Intercourſe, on which his and his People's Happineſs eſſentially depend, was entirely ſhut up, and preventing him, by their wicked Aſſiduity, from that Knowledge of the Grievances of his loving Subjects, which would have led him to immediate Redreſs, and have covered their Spoilers with Confuſion.* — Unhappy Prince! Unhappy People! — How happy they whoſe Conſtitution enables them at once to alarm their Sovereign's

Sovereign's Caution, and diſperſe every dangerous Combination againſt their Repoſe!

Theſe, my Lord, were my Sentiments; and what do you think is the natural, neceſſary, and eaſy Conſequence of them, according to our ingenious *Inquirer*? What, indeed, no one could have hit on, but himſelf, to wit, that *ergo, every Batchelor muſt be an Enemy, by Principle, to the public Good.* — Is this a Miſtake do you think, or only a voluntary one? Is it likely that he, whoſe Head (from what Reaſon, I know not) ſeems, on all Occaſions, ſo poſſeſſed with his Patron's *Foible*, that he has emblazon'd it more conſpicuouſly than ever, and immortalized it as far as his Works can go? Is it likely that he ſhould thus, on a ſudden, forget its Notoriety, and imagine that Celibacy only was pointed at in the laſt recited Paragraph? Or will you think with me, my Lord, that he was ſharper than he would own, and choſe to pick out one Circumſtance to play upon, the *better* to turn into Ridicule a Collection of Likeneſſes, more applicable than he deſired?

My Way of Reaſoning from private to public *Virtue*, will hardly, I believe, be controverted; as Reaſon and Experience clearly evince its Propriety, and Writers of the firſt Claſs have vouchſafed to adopt it. The particular Point before us will bear, I think, the cleareſt Deduction. An ordinary Inſight into human Nature demonſtrates, that the Faculties of the Soul undergo a Kind of mechanical Effect from the Force of Habit, and wear, like a Stream, by conſtant running, a peculiar Channel for themſelves to flow in: Theſe will ever be more extenſive or contracted, in Proportion to the Care that is taken of the Direction of the *Current*; and the deeper they are ſunk, the more difficult to enlarge them. Much more may be ſaid on this. The very Exiſtence of Society depends on properly diffuſing theſe Affections,

Affections, and hindering them, by a conſtant Exertion, from tending to their much-loved Center, *Self*. Hence every Art and Science, and every poliſh'd Inſtitution. This their Baſis, and this alone their Uſe. Hence all the Force and Beauty of *Epic* and *Tragic* Fiction, where even unreal Objects improve our Nature, by keeping alive the ſocial Paſſions, and preſerving their Vigour until a real Emergency demands their Aid. On this too, even our Author muſt allow (unleſs his Divinity is as low as his Politics) reſts all the Reaſon of the divine Interdictions againſt ſuch of our Appetites, as incline us, in their Gratification, to a ſelfiſh Diſpoſition, and contract our Regards into ſo confined a Circle, as to exclude every Care and every Wiſh not immediately ſubſervient to the darling Paſſion.

The oppoſite Turn of Mind is never ſo effectually promoted as by a Multiplicity of tender Connexions. The Soul, divided into Fondneſs, and bending all its Cares on a Variety of endearing Objects, comes at laſt almoſt to forget *itſelf*, and gains increaſing Strength in generous and godlike Sentiments. Marriage, for this Reaſon, as the Fountain of *all the Charities*, and in itſelf the Scene of every tender Paſſion, becomes a Duty, where *real* Hurt or Inconvenience does not plead the Excuſe. But to wave a Tenet, that may look, perhaps, too ſingular, this, at leaſt, muſt be admitted, that little Latitude of Concern for the diſtant and extenſive Intereſts of Society can rationally be hoped for, where an Indifference for its Perpetuation is ſupported and increaſed by a Gratification of Purſuits, founded on the moſt contemptible Ideas of human Nature, which derogate from its Rank in Creation, and render our Species too vile, even in the Eye of the Perpetrators, to deſerve one fond Regard, or one tender Conſideration.

Many are, and have been, doubtleſs, bleſſed in Celibacy with as great or greater Sociality of Nature, than may often be found among the Married; too vague and indeterminate is the Structure of Man to reduce into abſolute unexceptionable Maxims; and none but this Author of mine could think of ſo childiſh a Conſtruction of the Sentiments I had expreſs'd. But where no Symptoms of ſuch general Benevolence have ever been diſplay'd; where, at the ſame Time, there are no Pledges that may force, as it were, a Man's Nature, and extort from it ſome Degree of Care for Society; where every Paſſion divides, and every connecting Principle (even that of Intereſt) is wanting, what People that did not lie immediately under the Rod of divine Vengeance, and were not ſtruck with Blindneſs and Infatuation, ever entruſted a Man, or Men, ſo circumſtanced with a Command, nay, with any Influence, over the Felicity of themſelves and their Poſterity? This, my Lord, I am ſo far from thinking a mere Point of Speculation, that I look on it as one of the greateſt and moſt certain Truths we know.

I hope my Author will think me orthodox in my Opinion, and quite conſonant with St. *Paul*, though a little more explicit than the Apoſtle; who, I believe, could he have foreſeen our preſent Days, would have left a whole Epiſtle for the Benefit of his Succeſſors. And, I fancy, as it is, that ſome of his Doctrines and thoſe of his bleſſed Maſter, were they ever read and conſidered with due Reverence and Attention, would come ſo home to ſome Boſoms, as to make them tremble amidſt the Pomp of Power, the Flatteries of Sycophants, and the Allurements of Ambition.

But I don't know — I may be uncharitable — It runs ſtrongly in my Head that they have got St. *Paul* on their Side; *They* are his Expoſitors, and we can no more underſtand him without their Aſſiſtance,

Assistance, than an Act of Parliament without a Lawyer. — Who knows the Interpretation of EVERY MAN HATH HIS PROPER GIFT, or what a Latitude of Dispensation it may afford? Our Author gives it to us in reverential Capitals, as if it was the Motto of some *Society*. — I can't tell; he knows best. — He tells himself, in another Place, that he is *very weak*.

We are here presented, my Lord, with two or three Instances of that Figure in Oratory, which I have before mention'd; I do not recollect any technical Appellation for it, and the vulgar Epithet is too coarse to be used but by our Author: It consists in sometimes quoting Expressions which were never used by our Adversary, and sometimes in placing his Expressions in such a Manner as to convey Ideas, which they never could convey in their original Situation, and passing them, under these Circumstances, on the Public as *his*. It is a very ingenious Figure, and has this peculiar Advantage, that it reflects in the same Instant the greatest Lustre on the Goodness of the Cause, and the Honesty and Abilities of the Writer. Several Places of his Pamphlet abound with it in both its Branches; here you have it chiefly in the latter. The Words *Omissions* and *Commissions*, no very extraordinary ones I should think, and hardly worth repeating, which I had happen'd to use in speaking to your Lordship about his Patron's Neglect of his Diocese, are here introduced in distinguish'd Characters as *mine*; and, by Virtue of these two innocent Words, I am made to say, that the necessary Consequence of Celibacy is an Addiction to the most abominable Vices. This, my Lord, is that Figure by which, it has been observed, Treason may be extracted from an Act of Parliament, and Blasphemy from the Gospel; and is, indeed, a Method of refuting that it is impossible to withstand.

I hope I need not aſſure your Lordſhip that my Nature is offended in being obliged thus to dwell, even in a cover'd Manner, on a perſonal Reflection, and that, of ſo black and deteſtable a Dye. It is true, that when a Man forfeits all Pretenſion to the Regard of the Community he lives in, by ambitious Views againſt their Happineſs, and a Diſplay of Inſolence, Want of Truth and Honour, and Ingratitude to the Welfare of that Country, whence he derives that Pomp and Riches which have raiſed him from Obſcurity; a Caſuiſt will argue, that he has alſo forfeited all Title to the Tenderneſs of that People, and that Humanity, which, in a common Caſe, teaches us to ſuppreſs the Imperfections of our Species; nay, that when the *Fault* carries all the Strength of Evidence its Nature will permit, and is, in itſelf, of ſuch a Tendency, as to extinguiſh every extenſive generous Principle, and, conſequently, repugnant to the very Spirit of Government (under which, beſides, its contagious Influence may be foſter'd to the moſt dangerous Maturity) that then it is not only excuſable, but even right, *ſo far* to exhibit it to the Attention of the Society, as to point out the Perils that muſt enſue, from their permitting Succeſs to attend the aſpiring Proprietor. That, until he withdraws his Deſigns, and takes Shelter from the Imputation in the private Circle, he muſt expect to have his Faults made as conſpicuous as he would make himſelf, and to be exempted from Tenderneſs and Forbearance, while he continues to exempt himſelf from the Duties of his Station. All this, I ſay, a Caſuiſt may urge, and, for aught I know, with Juſtice: But it is hard for one to break through Habit and Prejudices of common Life, nor will Judgment be always ſtrong enough to carry us through theſe violent Efforts, where a Softneſs of Nature controuls the Flight. This I muſt

confeſs

confeſs myſelf diſadvantaged by, and therefore, not all the Pains my Author has taken in this Part of his Book and elſewhere, not all the repeated Overtures he has made to promulge his Patron's Shame, can prevail on me to be the Proſecutor. What, does he expect me to go into a Detail of Places, Facts, and Names? To produce univerſal Suſpicion, and argue on the great Improbability of its being entirely groundleſs? To freſhen up old Narratives, and exhibit a public Charge already made by an *Aſſociate?* And to illuſtrate the whole with Probabilities of the higheſt Nature, drawn from Intimates, Opportunities, and foreign Converſation? No, my Lord, ſome other's Taſk be this. What I have ſaid in Alluſion to it, has been extorted by this his Advocate, to whom, indeed, he is often prodigiouſly indebted for *its* Promulgation. Happy for *him* that his Work muſt die!

Vexed at the Manner in which, in the 30th Page of my *Letter*, I had treated ſome general Obſervations of his, ſpun out with a moſt ſoporific Dulneſs, in the 32d and 33d Pages of his *Inquiry*, and reſolving to have them regarded with ſome Degree of Attention, he *moſt* naturally puts them into the Mouth of his imaginary third Perſon, and, after repeating them, enters into a Paraphraſe upon their Merits. I aſſure him, I did not affect a Contempt for theſe his Abſtractions, but that I paſſed them over, from a ſincere real Belief, that, however juſt and refined they may be in themſelves, there was no Kind of Neceſſity for my ſwelling my Pamphlet by an Animadverſion on them, and, that as I was ſatisfied, ſo he would be pleaſed with my leaving them to ſtand in their full Force and Virtue. However, as he inſiſts on it, I will indulge him, in a few Words, upon theſe his darling Sentiments, ſo freighted with irreſiſtable Argument.

The

The Purport of them is, *that as Characters are generally ſo unequally rated, and ſo unjuſtly handled, common Reputation can never be a ſafe Standard for Judgment.* In illuſtrating which Propoſition, he reſolves, at the ſame Time, to overſet the Teſt, on which I had offered, in my 29th Page, to reſt the Vindication of his Patron, from the Odium of a Knave; I mean my Appeal to the Suffrages of all, who may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to be candid in their Declarations. This performed, he harangues by Way of Corollary, to give Inſtances and Reaſons, why the *Multitude* have been generally wrong in their Prejudices, and honours *Socrates*, *Scipio*, and *Ariſtides* by a Parallel. He does not pretend to controvert the *Fact* of the Majority of black Beans, nor even the Diſproportion I had ſtated, which, I think, was an hundred to one againſt his unfortunate Hero: This is rather more than a Perſon would chuſe, I ſhould imagine, but, to accommodate him, he ſhall have a thouſand to ſelect a *Friend* from. The Defence, however, conſiſts in this, that, be the Majority ever ſo great, it is not to be allowed as a Foundation for Opinion; which he ſhews by his two *Poſtulata*, according to that Mode of Reaſoning (I have almoſt forgot my *Logic*) which convinces, by ſhewing the bad Conſequences of the contrary Tenet.

In order to treat him with that Reſpect, which, I find, he expects, and which he ſo highly deſerves, and, at the ſame Time, to be as brief as poſſible for my own Eaſe, I ſhall beg Leave to preſent him with a Couple of *Poſtulata* of a more ſerious Turn, to be placed in Appoſition to his, which will, I believe, remain uncontroverted, and, at the ſame Time, afford me all I deſire on this Subject.

POSTULATA.

POSTULATA.

Poſtulatum 1mum. That univerſal Concurrence [i. e. *the Voice of the People*, which, by his firſt *Poſt.* he gives up] in Matters which cannot fall immediately under our own Knowledge or Inſpection, muſt be deemed a full and ſufficient Ground for abſolute Belief, until we have found out the Method of acquiring Omnipreſence and Omniſcience.

2dum. That [ſuppoſing the Concurrence not ſo ſtrong as in our Subject, but only] the *Majority* of the World againſt a Man's Integrity muſt, *at leaſt*, raiſe ſuch a Doubt in every rational Mind, as to ground, in the juſteſt and wiſeſt Manner, a determined Reſolution of excluding *that Man* from all Share in a public Adminiſtration, where ſuch Want of Integrity muſt neceſſarily be followed by the Perdition of that Society. And, ſo far, ſuch *Teſtimony* is to be allow'd as a competent and invariable Rule of Action.

Theſe, I hope, will be thought quite agreeable to the Sentiment which gave Riſe to this Controverſy, though I have neither aſcribed *divine Authority* or *Infallibility* to the Voice of the Public, as my Adverſary, according to the before-mentioned Rules of his polemical Proceedings, has been graciouſly pleaſed to repreſent. *Theſe* are, indeed, beyond the Reach of human Evidence, and out of the Limits of Mortality, unleſs they are Attributes of our Writer's *Deity*.

One *Poſtulatum* I had forgot, and a material one to me it is; for, had I not laid hold on it, I ſhould have left my Author in Poſſeſſion of his principal Inſtrument of Attack: By the Help of the Reverſe, indeed, he would overthrow all I have been doing, as he has every other Argument, and every Fact. I ſhall, therefore, inſiſt on it,

that

that *a Man, in the above-mentioned unhappy Predicament of Character, can never be waſhed white in the Eye of the World, by all the Pains and Aſſeverations of one, who, apparently by his Writings, and avowedly by his own Confeſſion, is his Creature and Dependent.* If all, or any of theſe, my *Poſtulata*, are deny'd, I will undertake to erect a Syſtem of Scepticiſm and Confuſion, the End of which no human Sagacity can foreſee.

But indeed, my Lord, I am growing aſhamed of inſiſting on ſuch Traſh. To reaſon with a conceited Child, and ridicule it out of its forward and empty Pretenſions to Independency of Judgment, and Force of Argument, is a Taſk of much the ſame Nature, full as agreeable, and full as effectual: Something that may ſuggeſt more pleaſing Matter muſt be found, ſomething of more Conſequence than our Author, or his Patron, who have perſonally already engroſſed too much of my Leiſure and my Letter.

Shall I venture to ſay any Thing of the MEMORIAL? or will your Lordſhip think my private Sentiments too inſignificant, perhaps too vain, on ſo important, and much-canvaſſed, a Subject? What may be the Caſe in your Part of the World, I know not; but, where I converſe, Ignorance, inflamed by Party, ſo powerfully obtains, that I have hardly met with an Opinion on this Occurrence, which, to me, appear'd rational and juſt. Where the Advantages of Education afforded a Power of judging, they were generally ſo perverted by Prejudice and Paſſion, that, inſtead of pointing out the Truth, they only ſupply'd additional Matter for its Diſguiſe, and peſter'd us with a verboſe Jargon, ornamented with the Sounds of *Hiſtory*, *Precedent*, *Duty*, *Loyalty*, and *the Nature of our Conſtitution*; juſt ſuch as tinkle in the few Lines which our Author has beſtowed on this Head, who, doubtleſs, pick'd them

them up from ſome of this Claſs I have mentioned, tho' I would refer *him*, I think, with more Juſtice, to another which fills the Bulk of our Politicians here, I mean the *Dogmatiſts*, Perſons incapable of *Choice* in their Sentiments; who, after a competent adjuſting of their Wigs, and Eye-Brows, have often, in my Hearing, with great Solemnity declared, that, *in their Opinions*, it would abſolutely bear an IMPEACHMENT.

For this Reaſon, my Lord, my Syſtem of Thought, upon this Subject, is new, at leaſt, to myſelf; I will therefore beg Leave to deliver it you, hoping, with ſome Aſſurance, that it may meet your Approbation, and perhaps, if you think fit to publiſh this Letter, affect the Opinions of ſome of my Readers, whoſe Want of Opportunities, or Attention, may incline them to the Reception of miſ-repreſented Facts, and premature ill-grounded Judgments. This I do not preſume on from any other Motive, than a Conſciouſneſs of an unbiaſſed, calm Diſquiſition of this Subject, whoſe Difficulty and whoſe Demerits conſiſt entirely in its Uncommonneſs, and its Importance.

I believe, my Lord, you muſt have obſerved it, that, of all Truths, the ſimpleſt and eaſieſt of Conception are thoſe on which the Happineſs of Man moſt eſſentially depends. Such are the Fundamentals of Religion and Politics, which are, in themſelves, within the Reach of every Capacity, that is able to comprehend the Terms they are expreſſed in; nay, they muſt, indeed, preſent of themſelves to every commonly-informed Mind, that will make them in the leaſt the Subjects of its Contemplation. What then diſturbs the Peace of Society, and excites the many deſtructive Commotions which infeſt it, when, from a Similarity of Structure, we are all adapted to the Reception of theſe important Principles, which are, in their

own Nature the ſtrongeſt Ties of Union, and moſt powerful Promoters of Harmony? Why Paſſion, that perpetual, and too mighty Enemy of Reaſon. The very Importance of thoſe Truths induces many to conteſt them. The vain Singularity of ſome has made it neceſſary to demonſtrate the Being of a GOD, and the Intereſt of others has ſet the ableſt Heads at Work to ſhew, that one human Creature has not a Right, at Pleaſure, to diſpoſe of the Lives and Happineſs of Millions. No Propoſition is ſo incapable of Proof as the ſelf-evident, yet on ſuch will Altercations and Diviſions continue, until the Heart ſhall ceaſe to influence the Head.

On one or more of theſe great Truths do the Merits of the MEMORIAL depend; and, indeed, the Aſſertion of its *Rectitude* conſtitutes, in itſelf, a moſt uſeful and important Maxim to Society. To deduce which Proof, will, I think, be eaſy from the following Conſiderations; in which, if I ſhould err, it is without Deſign, and neither Fact or Reaſoning ſhall undergo a voluntary Palliation. The firſt Part of its Character I will ſpeak to, ſhall be that which is cenſured by our Author in his 7th Page, under the ironical Epithets of *dutiful* and *loyal*. I know he would be angry if I loſt Sight of him, and I ſhall therefore keep him in my Eye; though, I ſuppoſe, he will excuſe my including, under theſe Heads, all that he has ſaid on this Subject in his Dedication, where he muſt be forgiven for loſing his Meaning in the *Fulſome* and *Bombaſt*. The Meaſures lately formed and aſſiduouſly proſecuted againſt the Repoſe of this Nation, your Lordſhip, and, indeed, almoſt every Perſon, knows, to have been in its Source, and every Article of its Progreſs, *a private one*. The Reſult of a Cabal of Subjects, reſolved to avail themſelves of their Power, Poſſeſſions, and *Influence*, by fixing an extenſive and dangerous Dominion

over

over the People of this Iſland. A Deſign formed by a Junto on the *other Side*, grounded on a contracted illiberal Idea of the Genius and Abilities of the Subjects of their Ambition, and to be executed *here* by a few who were qualified with that precipitate Raſhneſs which was ſo neceſſary to the Attempt, and alone could inſpire them with any the leaſt Proſpect of Succeſs. The Conſequences of this Scheme are as terrible to Reflection, as the Proſpect of them is unbounded to the View. Many Individuals promiſed themſelves mighty Emoluments from it; Pomp and Affluence were to crown ſome *here*, and the Fruits of thriving Induſtry and Management were to be tranſmitted to ſupply the Deficiencies of Mal-Adminiſtration. The whole Plan was therefore, in every Inſtance, moſt deſtructive to us, and alſo as pernicious to our elder Siſter *Britain*, as it was unconnected with, and unſupported by its public and national Policy.

The Sanction and Authority thrown upon their Meaſures by their Succeſs in gaining an Aſcendancy over the royal Repreſentative, and blinding his good Diſpoſition formerly diſplay'd for our Welfare, ſupply'd, at the ſame Time, the moſt effectual Occaſions of promoting their Popularity. The King's and Kingdom's long tried Friends, reſtrained by Intereſt and Principle from countenancing them, and placed by both above the Shocks and the Temptations of Power, were, by every poſſible Means, to be treated with Contempt, and ſpoil'd of their Influence. The Recommendation to Appointments, apparently the juſt and unalterable Due of the Majority of the repreſentative Body of the Nation, who pay and ſupport theſe Appointments, and which had, for a Courſe of Years, with unequalled Marks of Honour, and all the Confidence ariſing from his diſtinguiſhed Merit, been veſted in their much-loved Leader,

was taken from him with every Mark of contemptuous Inſolence, and lodged in Men, whoſe every Motive muſt induce them to uſe thoſe Appointments only as Baits of Corruption: And, in general, the Steps that were taken, were exactly conſonant to the Nature of the nefarious Deſign.

Notwithſtanding all theſe Advantages, the firſt Trial of their Strength was unſucceſsful, and the Nation was too ſtrong. The Diſtributive Power, however, continuing, the ſanguine Hopes of the Projectors flattered them with better Views, and the ſame indefatigable Meaſures were purſued. One grand, inviolable Precaution was, from the Beginning, obſerved to keep the true Knowledge of our Situation from the Ears of HIM, whoſe good Diſpoſition, and our Deſerts, muſt incline him to the moſt inſtant and zealous Redreſs. But this was not *now* ſufficient; the Oppoſition given *here* he muſt have learn'd, and its true Motives were therefore to be diſguiſed by a Repreſentation of falſe ones: The Injury done us in this Particular, amounts in Certainty almoſt to Demonſtration; and as it was eſſentially neceſſary to prevent a total Abortion of their Schemes, ſo it gave Riſe to, and forms the Merit of, the noble Attempt now under our Conſideration.

The Subject they had choſen to try their Strength on, was ſuch as contributed to reflect additional Diſhonour on their Cauſe. An Embezler of the public Money was call'd to an Account, and ſupported, with all their Might, through the Courſe of a Trial, which, from its equitable Candour, and moſt ſatisfactory Minuteneſs, ſpread an univerſal Conviction of his Guilt, and the flagrant Injuſtice of his Supporters. Content, however, with ſhewing their Superiority, and chuſing that the adequate Puniſhment of ſuch a Fraud ſhould come from another Hand,

of

of which they could have no Doubt after ſo ſolemn a Declaration of his Deſerts as the *Reſolutions* of a NATION, they remitted all further much-merited Diſgrace; demonſtrating the Warmth of their pacific Inclinations, and their total Purity from Party-Rage.

What then was the Conſequence? Why, this Man, thus convicted in the moſt ample and moſt conſpicuous Manner, before the higheſt Tribunal, of the moſt enormous Diſhoneſty, and Breach of Truſt; of robbing a Nation, and diſtreſſing, nay, deſtroying many of the Forces kept for his Majeſty's and the Kingdom's Service, was permitted to part with his Employment on ſuch honourable and profitable Terms, as are only the Reward of Honour and Integrity; and this, palpably, not as a mere Indulgence, but an important Piece of Service, which, as they hoped, might exempt him from any further Trouble, or any Neceſſity of Reſtitution. Let common Senſe now anſwer, what poſſible, aſſignable Cauſe for ſuch an Incident, but a violent Perverſion of Truth, and the falſeſt Repreſentation to the Throne, of the Principles and Diſpoſitions of this People? Could our Sovereign, the honeſteſt of Men in his own Nature, and who ſaw the moſt ſolemn Deciſions that could reſult from a national Inquiry, and the Heads of the Particulars which ſupported them, could HE bring himſelf to doubt of the Criminal's Guilt, or withſtand the Impulſe he muſt feel to vindicate a deſerving, plundered, People, nay, to reward their Plunderer, unleſs theſe public Cenſures had been pictured by thoſe, who, to *him*, had no apparent Intereſt in a Miſrepreſentation, as the undeſerved and *occaſional* Meaſures of a furious *Faction*? Can any Man otherwiſe account for the Voice of a Nation failing in its uſual, and natural, Weight and Energy, without neceſſarily aſſerting the Falſity of an

Axiom

Axiom, which, by its great and immutable Truth, has long ſupported the Felicity of theſe Dominions, to wit, THAT OUR MOST EXCELLENT SOVEREIGN IS POSSESSED OF AS GREAT HONESTY OF INTENTION, AND TRUE DIGNITY OF SOUL, AS EVER DID HONOUR TO HUMAN NATURE?

But to cut off all Doubt of the Hardſhips we incurred in this Particular — Let Memory ſupply the recent Circumſtance, ſo ill-boding to our Peace, and ſo punctually fulfilled; the too plain, though equivocal, Promiſe of Repreſentation made in Anſwer to the *parting Addreſs*. Preceding Declarations and correſpondent Events carry to me, my Lord, all the poſſible Force of Conviction. What now was to be done? What End was to be aſſigned, or expected, to a Step of this Nature? What Remedy for the paſt, or what Prevention for the future, but to break through the *beſieging* Junto, and lay before the royal Inſpection, thoſe important Truths, which the Parliament had forborne through Tenderneſs to HIS Repreſentative, and a Hope that the Sallies of Ambition might meet a Check from the Demonſtration they had given of their vaſtly ſuperior Power?

This ſtruck the Patriot Attention of that illuſtrious Perſon, who truly reflects Honour on Nobility; and his Intrepidity ſuggeſted the Reſolution of awakening the Guardian Care of THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY, by becoming a perſonal Advocate for his People, pointing out their Grievances, and the Source, and opening again the Channel of Communication, whoſe *natural* Current had been obſtructed, and on which the very Life and Being of public Happineſs eſſentially depend. If it was without a *Precedent*, ſo was the Occaſion that made it neceſſary. THE GOOD OF HIS COUNTRY was at once its Motive and its Juſtification; and we may judge from the Rage and Violence

Violence it excited, how great and unexpected a Stroke it was to the Schemes of *the Aſſociation*.

Now, my Lord, I ſhould be glad to know from our Author, or any Perſon elſe, what it is in this Affair that conſtitutes a Breach of *Duty* or *Loyalty*! Is it the making known to the tendereſt and beſt of Parents the Complaints and Diſtreſſes of his affectionate Children? The opening his View on the iniquitous Schemes of his Servants, gaping for *their* Poſſeſſions, and eager to ſpoil them of their *Birth-Right*? But, perhaps, the Gentleman takes his Hint from the Letter *aſcribed to* the Patron of his Dedication, where we are told that this Proceeding was an Attack upon *Government*: He, however, cannot plead the Excuſe, that the Rage of the diſconcerted Dictator of that *politic* Epiſtle is intitled to, which alone could ſuggeſt ſuch an extravagant Proſtitution of Phraſe.

Thus far for the Merits of the MEMORIAL, as to its *Duty* and *Loyalty*: The *Correctneſs* and *Diction*, which are alſo attempted in Ridicule by our elegant Author, are very uncertain Subjects of Criticiſm in the Editions of it that have come into this Part of the World, which are ſo vilely printed, that they are hardly legible. This, alone, makes me doubt whether the extant Copy is thought genuine, or only the Subſtance that has tranſpired: For, barring the Poverty and Incorrectneſs of the Impreſſion, I have no other Reaſon to heſitate; ſo far from it, that I think it carries with it ſtrongly the ſpirited Intention, the Honeſty, and Truth of the MEMORIALIST. Truth needs no borrowed Ornament; and, in an Addreſs to Majeſty, a Superfluity of Words would have been the moſt abſurd Impropriety.

The Memorial is thus preſented: Well, and where are the diſmal Conſequences to this People, which our Author ſeems to intimate in his 8th Page? Is it not ſomewhat probable, that, were

he

he aſk'd, he could not even frame one, or indeed tell us a Word more about the Matter than he has there expreſſed? Permit me, therefore, my Lord, ſince I have preſumed thus far, to be impertinent for a few Lines more, and ſupply his Deficiency by ſome Conjectures, which, I hope, will be thought neither ſtrained or improbable.

The Portrait exhibited of us in Conſequence of our Defence of our Country, was (according to the higheſt Rules of human Probability) ſuch as muſt have infinitely aſtoniſh'd the royal Mind; ſo directly the Reverſe of what our former conſtant Conduct, and the concurrent *Reports* of our Governors, had pictured. Our Features were, doubtleſs, overcharged with Deformity; more than was *likely*, more than was *natural*; for diſappointed Zeal often overſhoots, and where Defamation is founded only in Reſentment, the Softenings of Humanity, which, in a *real Caſe*, may obtain, are entirely excluded. How far theſe Repreſentations, though ſupported with ſuch Authority, may have raiſed a Doubt in our Diſfavour, or whether their Effect amounted only to a Suſpicion of our Sovereign, that ſome *extraordinary* latent Cauſe had excited ſuch an extraordinary Account of us, is hard to determine: But this, I think, his own Excellence, and our demonſtrated Affection, leave us no Room to heſitate in aſſerting, that he muſt have felt a paternal Solicitude and a tender Anxiety for our Vindication. How Heart-felt muſt be then his Joy at receiving it by our illuſtrious Meſſenger; honoured, as much as a ſingle Hand could honour it, with all the Luſtre of Character, Rank, and Property; and diſplaying, in one ſhort View, all the true Sources of our *Diſaffection!* Thus was the Purpoſe of the MEMORIAL anſwer'd; the only one that ever was, or could have been propoſed, and this was a great one; Miſ-informations

mations being confuted, and Miſ-conceptions removed, new Vigour accrued to every Meaſure, and breathed freſh Spirit into every Breaſt. The Conteſt now became that of the King and People, againſt a few aſpiring Subjects, whoſe Schemes were thus contemptibly expoſed to *his* Eye, and, conſequently, unnerved in the moſt eſſential Part. Theſe were the *Conſequences* of the Memorial, and of theſe *their* Conſciouſneſs has apparently been proved by their late intimidated Behaviour.

Why then (my Author, or ſome ſuch other, may demand) was the Deputation continued, when it is ſo eſſential to the Promotion of theſe Schemes? The Anſwer, my Lord, I think is eaſy. No Dilemma ſhould, or can, permit us to allow a Want of Care in the royal Mind for *our* Safety and Repoſe; This they *alone* are guilty of, who contend, in Favour of our Adverſaries, againſt the Syſtem I have advanced, and there *alone* is the Breach of *Duty* and *Loyalty*. Still leſs allowable is ſuch a Conceſſion, when an ordinary Knowlege in *modern Adminiſtration* ſo eaſily points out the Clue. Extenſive Influence, Alliances, and Poſſeſſions, make it highly inconvenient, if not dangerous, to thwart the Supporters of our Antagoniſts. This Neceſſity obliges HIM, who has always preferred the public Happineſs to his own, to ſacrifice even his private Eaſe by Indulgence to a *Set*, whoſe Conduct, as he has ſhewn on more Occaſions than one, has rendered them obnoxious to him in the higheſt Degree. He ſaw the Weakneſs of the *Aſſociation* by the Event of their Attempts, and their Conſciouſneſs of it by their Miſ-repreſentations; ſo that, reſting ſecure of our *national Strength*, he wiſely and juſtly choſe the leſſer Evil, of putting *that* to a gentle Exertion, rather than the much greater that might enſue in a more important Sphere on a Refuſal.

Is there any Thing in these Facts not notoriously true, or any Thing not most naturally connected in this Reasoning? Is it not, in the highest Degree, consistent both with his Glory, and his Affection, for us? Is it not exactly consonant with my Lord H——'s Letter? The Deputy was to be continued, and the *Memorial* must *therefore*, by all the Rules of common Sense and decent Regularity, *seem* inferior in Weight to the Authority of *his* Representations. And yet, even on the Face of that Letter, notwithstanding all the Colourings and Exaggerations of Phrase, appears an earnest Desire of having the Matter of the Memorial inforced in a Way, to which the Want of Form could not be objected, and which would sufficiently justify that Redress, which, for every Reason, our royal Master must be inclined to give. Let my Reader consider this Letter, and he will, I believe, find it not only agreeable with, but also confirmatory of, the System I have here advanced; let him reflect whether his Majesty *could* avoid a Declaration in Favour of his own Representative, whether every Thing said therein be not the necessary Consequence of that *necessary* Step of continuing the Delegation; and whether he sees any genuine Symptoms of that violent Displeasure, which his Servants have been pleased to ascribe to him, in their formidable and intimidating Comments on this Proceeding. I own, I think there is rather in it an apparent Tenderness of Expression, such as involuntarily slides in, when we are obliged, by Circumstances, to use a Form of Words foreign to our own warm Inclinations.

It is pretty observable, that the Declaration, in this last mentioned Letter, of the Justice that had been done our Nation, in the Representation of their affectionate Dispositions, is not only brought in, in a very aukward and laboured Manner, as if from a Consciousness of a *Necessity* of some such Assertion,

Aſſertion, but is alſo indirectly introduced without expreſs *Authority*, join'd immediately in the ſame Paragraph, to a perſonal Obſervation of the Letter-Writer, and reſting entirely on his ſingle Teſtimony for its Truth.

The irremoveable Impreſſion made on his Majeſty's Mind by *his Experience of his Servants Abilities and Fidelity, in the Diſcharge of the moſt important Truſts, and their Zeal for his Service*, ſupported by that inimitable *Greatneſs of Soul* which baffles all *Miſrepreſentation*, and has truly diſtinguiſhed his Character through every Period of his glorious Life, is the Joy, the ſure Refuge and Conſolation of us his Subjects; and (unleſs we flatter our Merits) the Ground of all our Hope, the inſpiriting Motive of our Conduct, and the Baſis of all that Certainty of his Friendſhip and Favour, which, as, I hope, has been ſhewn, muſt neceſſarily reſult to our Contemplation, and animate us againſt more formidable Oppoſition than our preſent Adverſaries will be ever able (with proper Caution on our Side) to make. We are, in the general, and have ſhewn ourſelves ſo, moſt inviolably attached to his royal Succeſſion and Intereſts: Our preſent Parliament have long gloried in promoting his Eaſe and Glory with the warmeſt Affection; and, when by the deepeſt and moſt dangerous Deſigns, the Acceſſion of his illuſtrious Family was rendered, in the higheſt Meaſure, precarious; when to aſſert *its* Rights, or refuſe calumniating *its* Dignity, was a more hateful Crime than *Treaſon*; then were the moſt hazardous Demonſtrations, of the trueſt Zeal in its Behalf, nobly and repeatedly diſplay'd, by that excellent, and IMMUTABLY-LOYAL Gentleman, who is at the Head of our national Aſſociation; at a Time, when many, very many, *now* diſtinguiſhed by their Clamour in *Vindication of Government*, and moſt recommendatory Scur-

rility againſt HIM, were as diſtinguiſh'd by their Loudneſs and Aſſiduity in Favour of their *exiled Prince*; and the Majority of the Remainder are tainted with the ſame hereditary Principles, by the Prevalence of Blood, or the more incorrigible Venom of Education.

Pardon me, my Lord, for having detained you thus long on this Subject; it was hard to ſhake it off, and I endeavoured to be as conciſe as poſſible. I ſhall be much pleaſed, if theſe, my private Sentiments, ſhould meet your Lordſhip's, and the Reader's, Approbation; as I pretend to no more than plain Reaſoning on the Facts which have fallen in my Way, ſo I expect to be exempt from the Imputation of an aſſuming *Politician:* Though I muſt confeſs, the Obviouſneſs of the Truths I have endeavoured to evince, gives me ſome Hope of the *Juſtice* of my Obſervations, however they may fail in their *Novelty*. Where I have uſed Analogy, it ſeems to me, in no Sort forced, nor is there any Suppoſition formed, but reſults, with the greateſt Eaſe, from known Facts and the Nature of Things. The Method of Deduction I have gone into, no Perſon ſure will be prejudiced againſt, who reflects, that no better can poſſibly be ſupplied, where *they* only are in the *Secret*, whoſe Intereſts eſſentially depend on its Concealment; and, that where Stateſmen are concerned, as little Streſs as poſſible is to be laid upon *Appearances*.

What has been ſaid on this Subject, will, it is hoped, at leaſt, be deemed a ſufficient Anſwer to all that our poor Gentleman has endeavour'd at in his Dedication, and elſewhere, in regard to the Memorial, the Lord *H*——'s Letter, (which he quotes with much more Reverence than his Texts of Scripture) and the Affair of the renown'd *Gimcrack*; who, as he affirms in *Page* 13. he is *really* inform'd, has, *in Fact*, perform'd the

the Reſtitution decreed; a freſh Inſtance of our Author's Modeſty and Veracity! Good God, what Readers does he expect to meet with!— But, above all, the Notoriety of the Facts I have mentioned, I have Reaſon to hope, will, in ſome Sort, tend to ſilence this intrepid Advocate, and be entirely deciſive of our Controverſy. I could have branched into many illuſtrating Particulars, all tending to the ſame deſtructive End, among which the fatal Stroke ſo evidently made at our Linen Manufacture, and palliated in a Manner ſo incluſive of the moſt inſolent Contempt for the Genius of this People, is not the leaſt; but I fear'd being too prolix for the proper Limits of a *Letter*. Enough has been ſaid however, I believe, for that final Iſſue on which, in the 4th Side of his Dedication, with the moſt conſummate and ridiculous Fool-hardineſs, he reſts the whole Merits of the Diſpute.

Begging Forgiveneſs, and very penitential for my Digreſſion from my Author, I return, reſolved to ſtick more cloſely to him for the future, and comment on his many Excellencies. One occurs this Moment to my Eye wandering over his Leaves in Search of Matter, and is, in ſome Sort, connected with the foregoing Subject. It is a high Stroke of his Abilities in *retorting*: The Foundation, this: He had in his *Inquiry*, *Page* 35. aſſerted, that it was our Duty ſometimes to *humour* our Governors, though their Demands may fall ſhort, or go beyond, what, in Strictneſs, we may have a *Right* to expect: I took the Pains, in the 33d Page of my *Letter*, to ſay a few Words in Confutation of this wretched threadbare Pulpit-Introduction of Slavery, and particularly, that the *Magiſtrate* never deſired to be *humour'd*, but with a bad Deſign: "O," ſays my Friend the *Inquirer*, in *Page* 38. "have I caught "you, Sir? *Now* G——, our preſent Sove-

"reign,

" reign, has desired his Subjects here to concur " in making the Government of his Deputy easy, " *Ergo*, we are to rest assured, by *that* Rule, " that he has some bad Design." The Powers of Logic! Thus have I seen a weak ungainly Fellow give his Forehead a deep Wound with a Back-sword, in making a furious Stroke, which never reach'd his Adversary. I do not know whether I can make it clear to my Author, but almost every other Person will see, that, by all the Rules of common Sense, as well as Argumentation, he has fairly asserted, that this his Majesty's Request is not exactly what we have a *Right* to expect, and in which he must be *humour'd*, if he is comply'd with; for, by keeping an Eye to the Terms of the Sentiment which is the original Ground of the Argument, it is plain that, by his Rejoinder, he substitutes the King's Desire as an Instance of the *Demands of a Governor going beyond, or falling short of, what, in Strictness, we have a Right to expect*, and *predicates* this Sentiment of *that*; whereas I had spoken of the *Magistrate* in general, and shew'd plainly, by the subsequent Context, that I did not, and could not, include our Sovereign in the Predicament, but his *Servants*, for *whose* Advantage the Doctrine had been first broached: *He*, however, is pleased to apply it to his Majesty, and, whimsically enough, dedicates it to him in whose Favour *that Request* was made. But, perhaps, he is playing *Hippomenes* on us in this Place, as he tells us in *Page* 6. is his Custom. And this is only one of his *Golden* Apples of Amusement; a good lucky Thought that! a never failing Come-off from the Consequences of publish'd Nonsense! But, unhappily, none worse adapted to the Use of it than our Author: Facetiousness is but a poor Refuge for impotent Virulence, and exploded Scurrility.

This

This happy Talent of his, my Lord, leads me to another Paragraph beginning in his 11th Page, fraught with very curious Sentiments, and set off with all the Advantages of Humour; such, indeed, as this Gentleman poſſeſſes in all the Purity that is to be found in that honourable Quarter of *London* from whence it derives its Appellation; which Truth, if any one conteſts, I refer them to the Peruſal of all his literary Endeavours; or, as a convincing Specimen of the whole, to the Paragraph now before us. The Intent of it is to *prove* how abſolutely neceſſary a Trip to foreign political Academies is to the Knowledge of the Intereſts, and a right Adminiſtration, of this Kingdom. From his Fund of *Learning* one would have expected a Plan of Antiquity to be recommended: But, to this, there were two great Objections; firſt, that ſuch a Plan contains too much *Licentiouſneſs* in its Nature for a Diſpoſition ſo *rebellious* as *ours*; and, ſecondly, we are to remember, my Lord, that all his Patrons, our Reformers in Government, have been *Travellers*. Here, indeed, we ſee the manyfold good Effects of this important Circumſtance of Education; briefly theſe; a foreign *Guſto*; *French* and *Italian* Maxims of Dominion; a refined Contempt for our Country, unbiaſſed even though we eat the Bread of it; and an Abhorrence of its old faſhioned Policy and Manners. Nay, my Lord, you ſee how theſe Advantages diffuſe: Here is our Author now, who, by even being an humble Admirer, has caught the very *Spirit*, *Taſte*, and *Stile*; *Bullinaſloe*, *Mullingar*, and *Skibareen*! — Odious Sounds! full of nothing but Biting, Lazineſs, and the Vermin of *damn'd* Iriſh *Spalpeens*! Pretty Eccho! — Why, my Lord, the very Pickings of polite Converſation afford Matter for ſolid Argument and Confutation; and one has but to run the Changes on *Graziers*, *Faction*, *Claret*, *Squires*,

Squires, and *Tobacco*, to infuse a Reſolution into a whole People of changing every experienced Meaſure, and plunging *Head and Ears* into the Torrent of *Reformation*.

The only Thing that ſticks with me, my Lord, is, to know how we contrived before the Importation of theſe poliſh'd Foreigners; we were, doubtleſs, *Brutes*, *Animals*, and *Wretches*: But yet, my Lord, we lived, and we lived in Peace and Happineſs, though ſo uncivilized and uninform'd; and it is problematical with me whether it would be wiſe or eligible to run the Hazards of Refinement. I fancy our Projectors muſt make the *grand Tour* again before their Schemes prove adequate to the Importance of their Deſigns; nay, I doubt whether any Thing under the *Ratio ultima* of *Paris*, will be effectual enough to convince the *ſtupid Perſeverance* of our *Iriſh* Gentry, that *they are not only unfit for the Management of the Helm, or even to work the Ship, but are real and great Incumbrances to its Sailing* *, and that, in order to its being the better piloted to the deſired *Port*, they ſhould lend their utmoſt Endeavours to diſengage it of ſuch Lumber, by heaving themſelves *over-board*.

If we can, therefore, be content to jog on in our old inſipid Way, I cannot help thinking, that the ſame Degree of Happineſs may be perpetuated by the ſame Means which have hitherto ſupported it, without attempting to adopt any foreign critical Intrigues or *Machiavelian* Niceties in Policy; theſe are, I fear, as foreign to our national *Genius* and *Honeſty*, as unneceſſary, if not deſtructive, to the Preſervation of our plain, well-ballanced, well-ſettled, Syſtem of Government, and the Support and Promotion of the thriving Situation of our Manufactures and Huſbandry.

The

* Political Paſtime, *Page* 11.

The Method more obvious to, and more within the Sphere of *our* Underſtandings, ſeems to me to conſiſt, in keeping conſtantly in View that Branch of Trade, which, from the Circumſtances of our Neighbours and ourſelves, carries the greateſt Proportion of common Benefit, and promiſes, therefore, the longeſt Duration, and the moſt extenſive Employment of our Inhabitants; in promoting Induſtry and Improvement in every Shape, and by every poſſible Means, and preſerving the ſtricteſt Regard to the Morals of the People, that Baſis of every public and private Good; to live in the moſt affectionate Duty to our Sovereign, and Harmony with our *Engliſh* Brethren, in whoſe Protection we glory, and whoſe Intereſts are our own; and to watch, with the moſt unſleeping Eye, againſt every *private* hoſtile Confederacy (for *none other* can we fear) deſtructive of that Share of Liberty, which the common Advantage of both Nations allows us to poſſeſs, and which the Principles of the *Engliſh* Policy and the Dignity of the Crown, will never contribute to abridge, as being eſſentially neceſſary and dear to both.

It is, I think, as obvious, that no greater Skill in foreign *Management*, is requiſite to the above Purpoſes, than obtains in that repreſentative Body, which has conducted us for many Years, and under whoſe Influence and *Auſpices*, the Kingdom has undergone an aſtoniſhing Reformation, more than any other in *Europe* can boaſt in that Space of Time. Men, who (as our Author juſtly, though unknowingly, remarks) are, by their Knowledge in the Products of our Soil, and the Connexions of our Commerce, beſt qualified for the Direction of thoſe two important Branches of our Welfare; and, by their Property in that Soil, and its Commodities, muſt be ſo inſeparably attached to the *Care* of that Direction, that no

human Power can diſunite them from it. Men, who know enough of foreign Policies to deſpiſe them, and love and admire their own the more; Men poſſeſſed of that *Inſolence of Underſtanding*, which our Author joins as eſſential to the landed Intereſt *, and which excites that noble, *haughty, and contemptuous Diſdain* of the empty and ridiculous Thundering of Power, and the paltry Gliſtenings of Corruption, put forth by the empty Hope of unexperienced Zealots to draw them from the ſelf-evident Intereſts of their Country; Men, not cemented (as the ſame ingenious and worthy Gentleman affirms they are) by *Ignorance* and *implicit Veneration* of their Leader, but by a much ſtronger, BECAUSE AN HONESTER, Tye; an Union of the ſame great and common Concern. This, their Conduct, when labouring under every poſſible Diſadvantage, evinces to Demonſtration; and this is the higheſt Character that can be given any public CAUSE — An unparallelled Inſtance! reflecting unparallelled and immortal Honour on every Member of that Aſſociation, and the worthy Principal, whoſe well-proved Excellence ſpread Confidence, Spirit, and Unanimity through the Whole, and threw a Damp on every Meaſure of our Enemies!

Praiſe, my Lord, has acquired ſuch a Diſrepitation from its Abuſe, and the Paucity of real Objects, that, to attempt it, is as hazardous, as to reſtrain from it is ſometimes moſt difficult and uneaſy. Thus is the higheſt Merit often abridged of its Due, and an honeſt Mind debarr'd from the grateful Taſk of paying that Tribute, which univerſal Obligations exact from every Individual of the Community. The only Encouragement to break through this Timidity of Cenſure

* Political Paſtime, *Page* 26.

ſure is, where the Acknowledgments of the Virtue we admire, are as univerſal and uncontеſted, as its Influence is great and ſalutary. But here again we are diſtreſſed; for, though ſecure from Exaggeration, we incur Preſumption in attempting a Portrait already drawn in inimitable, unfading, Colours in every Breaſt of the Society: This Reflection, the Gentleman laſt pointed at, ſuggeſted. By the Nature of my Subject I have once or twice been led into a Feature of his Character, but my Diffidence hinders me from attempting a compleat Delineation, and ſuch an Attempt would gratify none but myſelf. I cannot, however, avoid to ſtart to your Lordſhip's Recollection a Sketch of Painting by an eminent Hand, which you will think comes the neareſt, of any Thing we have, to a Character you know. I mean Mr. *Pope*'s Lines on Sir *William Trumball*. Every Perſon will be more ready to *apply* them than the *Proprietor*.

A pleaſing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, though prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd;
Honour unbang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one Side, but mod'rate to the reſt;
AN HONEST COURTIER, YET A PATRIOT TOO,
JUST TO HIS PRINCE, AND TO HIS COUNTRY TRUE.
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free;
A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny. ——

For the remaining two Lines — Long, very long, gracious God! may we want the grievous, dreadful, Neceſſity of their Application!

Among numberleſs Inſtances of our Author's ſtriving to ingratiate himſelf by the loweſt and

moſt ridiculous Falſhoods that a Poverty of Soul, and mercenary Dependence, can inſpire, pray, my Lord, did you obſerve the *Reflection* thrown on this Gentleman's Anceſtor, ſo mortifying and confounding! But it would have ſufficiently anſwered his Purpoſes, one would think, had he adhered to the Truth: For (beſides other *Errata*) the worthy old Nobleman has left it on Record, in his own Hand, that he had *Twenty-ſeven* good Pounds in his Pocket, and *three Shillings* into the Bargain; and I think for ſo much we may take his Word. But however, my Lord, odd as this may appear to you, and me, and Thouſands more, yet it is but common Juſtice to allow my Author to know the Humour of thoſe he writes for; and, I proteſt, I do not doubt but ſuch a Writer may be ſo acceptable, where Iniquity and Weakneſs prevail together, that *Cabbins* and *Spalpeens* may be applauded as invincible Arguments in Favour of the *Union*, and his *Scotch Proverb*, a Demonſtration of the P——'s being neceſſarily a Friend to this Country, while *Mattocks*, *Spades*, and *Plow-ſhares* undeniably evince their hated Oppoſer to be unworthy of private Eſteem, and unqualified for public Adminiſtration; the *Fattening for Luſt*, and *getting his Mother's Maid with Child*, are irreſiſtably arch and waggiſh, and the *Burden of the Cuckoo* is one of the beſt Jokes in the World.

But, my Lord, my Letter ſwells too much, and to deſcant on all his Littleneſſes, of Sentiment, Principle, and Diction, would be ſynonimous with a Comment on every Line. The Character is no more than we ſee every Day, one of the Bulk of lower Party-Followers; I could point out ſome Hundreds in my little Sphere, all equally qualified, but in Self-Sufficiency and Scraps of Antiquity, which has kept them from

recording

recording themselves in Print. I am quite ashamed of having said so much of him; it can benefit no one but his Printer.

The Public have, indeed, by all Accounts I have received, anticipated me the Trouble of remarking further on my Author; and, to their Contemplation and Decision, I heartily submit his many Assertions, or Insinuations rather, of political Facts, and the Strength of his political Reasoning. His *Cant* Repetition of *our* imitating the censured *Lucas*, the old Story of his Party, by which they endeavoured to pervert to our Reproach a real Act of Merit, and a convincing Proof of our Affection; to confound the dangerous, unprovoked, Sallies of a single Enthusiast, with the cool, regular, and *defensive* Conduct of a NATION against a violent, real Attack, on their Interests and Happiness! — *His* Story of the Bridge, taken out of the same Common Place, another Instance of public Spirit and pacific Inclination, turned, by the same metamorphosing Faculty, into private Job and hostile Disposition. — *His* repeated Attempts to picture us as setting up for entire *Independency*, drawn also from the before-mentioned inestimable Sources; and the other various Particulars of his valuable Performance; among the Rest, the *Cork* Election; to which however, for the Assistance of my Reader, I will beg Leave to say a few Words; some Circumstances of Opportunity enable me, and, as a private Subject, it may stand in Need of an Illustration.

Did we never hear of any Job in that Affair? Yes, indeed, we did. Every Person, who knows any Thing of the Affair, knows it to be all one labour'd Complication of *Job*; a Variety of the basest and lowest Measures taken in Behalf of the *Boatman*: Instead of his being *invited by a Majority to stand*, (as our Author, with his usual Modesty,

moſt ridiculous Falſhoods that a Poverty of Soul, and mercenary Dependence, can inſpire, pray, my Lord, did you obſerve the *Reflection* thrown on this Gentleman's Anceſtor, ſo mortifying and confounding! But it would have ſufficiently anſwered his Purpoſes, one would think, had he adhered to the Truth: For (beſides other *Errata*) the worthy old Nobleman has left it on Record, in his own Hand, that he had *Twenty-ſeven* good Pounds in his Pocket, and *three Shillings* into the Bargain; and I think for ſo much we may take his Word. But however, my Lord, odd as this may appear to you, and me, and Thouſands more, yet it is but common Juſtice to allow my Author to know the Humour of thoſe he writes for; and, I proteſt, I do not doubt but ſuch a Writer may be ſo acceptable, where Iniquity and Weakneſs prevail together, that *Cabbins* and *Spalpeens* may be applauded as invincible Arguments in Favour of the *Union*, and his *Scotch Proverb*, a Demonſtration of the P——'s being neceſſarily a Friend to this Country, while *Mattocks*, *Spades*, and *Plow-ſhares* undeniably evince their hated Oppoſer to be unworthy of private Eſteem, and unqualified for public Adminiſtration; the *Fattening for Luſt*, and *getting his Mother's Maid with Child*, are irreſiſtably arch and waggiſh, and the *Burden of the Cuckoo* is one of the beſt Jokes in the World.

But, my Lord, my Letter ſwells too much, and to deſcant on all his Littleneſſes, of Sentiment, Principle, and Diction, would be ſynonimous with a Comment on every Line. The Character is no more than we ſee every Day, one of the Bulk of lower Party-Followers; I could point out ſome Hundreds in my little Sphere, all equally qualified, but in Self-Sufficiency and Scraps of Antiquity, which has kept them from

recording

recording themselves in Print. I am quite ashamed of having said so much of him; it can benefit no one but his Printer.

The Public have, indeed, by all Accounts I have received, anticipated me the Trouble of remarking further on my Author; and, to their Contemplation and Decision, I heartily submit his many Assertions, or Insinuations rather, of political Facts, and the Strength of his political Reasoning. His *Cant* Repetition of *our* imitating the censured *Lucas*, the old Story of his Party, by which they endeavoured to pervert to our Reproach a real Act of Merit, and a convincing Proof of our Affection, to confound the dangerous, unprovoked, Sallies of a single Enthusiast, with the cool, regular, and *defensive* Conduct of a NATION against a violent, real Attack, on their Interests and Happiness! His Story of the Bridge, taken out of the same Common-Place, another Instance of public Spirit and pacific Inclination, turned, by the same metamorphosing Faculty, into private Job and hostile Disposition. His repeated Attempts to picture us as setting up for entire *Independency*, drawn also from the before-mentioned inestimable Sources, and the other various Particulars of his valuable Performance; among the Rest, the *Cork* Election, to which however, for the Assistance of my Reader, I will beg Leave to say a few Words, some Circumstances of Opportunity enable me, and, as a private Subject, it may stand in Need of an Illustration.

Did we never hear of any Job in that Affair? Yes, indeed, we did. Every Person, who knows any Thing of the Affair, knows it to be all one labour'd Complication of *Job*, a Variety of the basest and lowest Measures taken in Behalf of the *Boatman*. Instead of his being *invited by a Majority to stand*, (as our Author, with his usual Modesty,

deſty, affirms) it is notorious that, to this Day, it is, and ever muſt be, a moot Point which Way the Superiority would have inclined, notwithſtanding the indefatigable Pains, Expence, and Corruption, by which that Gentleman's Side was advantaged. The Conteſt, indeed, was an exact Reſemblance of the more important one *above*: The ſame Circumſtances in Miniature diſtinguiſh'd the Candidates, and the Means were correſpondent to their Merits and Pretenſions. The *Boatman*'s Antagoniſt had all the *natural*, *juſt*, and *powerful* Advantages that could reſult from *Nativity*, *Connections*, *Family*, *Property in and about the Place contended for*, *hereditary Principles*, and a *Character of ateſts Honeſty*, without either the *Means* or *Diſpoſition* for undue Influence. He, on the contrary, counterbalanced all, by availing himſelf of the wrong-headed Obſtinacy which diſtinguiſhes the illuſtrious Adminiſtration of that City: To oppoſe is all their Aim; and he was ſuffer'd to take the Lead by Virtue of a hearty Concurrence in their Sentiments, with the additional Recommendation of *Fox-hunting*, *Merry-making*, and *electioneering Affability*.

That theſe are Facts, cannot be controverted; and the Reader will ſee them naturally ariſe from Reflection on the Nature of the Thing. As a trading City, great Room muſt be ſupply'd for *Influence* in the *Revenue*; as a Corporation engroſſed by *the ſame* Intereſt, Votes are profuſely beſtow'd on all who, from their never-flinching Conduct, or low Circumſtances, are thought devoted to *Direction*. Hence the *Boatman*'s Party conſiſted in the Bulk of *Officers* in precarious Employments, Corporation-Servants, and Mechanics depending for their Bread on the Good-will of the principal Inhabitants. His Adverſary could boaſt

boaſt only of Gentlemen, whoſe Situation and Principles placed them above Corruption or Fear, and made them reſolute in excluding a Man ſo circumſtanced, unentitled, unconnected, and ſo *ſupported*. Numberleſs vile Detections were made in the *little* Sphere, and ſome more important ones from a higher Source: Such, indeed, as conſtitute an Epitome of their general Meaſures, and proceed from their *Knowledge in the Diſpoſitions and Tempers of Men*, and *Skill* in *properly applying to and managing them* *; [all which, in my Opinion, is but a Paraphraſe on one plain Word] this our Author affirms to be the peculiar Happineſs of his Patrons, ariſing from their courtly Education, and too refined a Stroke of Policy for the Abilities of Country Gentlemen. He, I doubt not, could help us to ſome Inſtances of this Kind not come to Light: But, be that as it may, a ſufficient Number occurred, capable of the ſtrongeſt Evidence, to induce the *Boatman* to relinquiſh his Pretenſions; ſuch, indeed, as he well knew, muſt, with the greateſt Juſtice, avoid his Election ſhould it ſucceed, expoſe the Reputation of him and his Supporters, and, by their Flagrancy, and dangerous Tendency, might, perhaps, afford the moſt reaſonable Ground for a Parliamentary Animadverſion.

This, my Lord, is the true Sketch of the *Job* of the *Cork* Election, as the concurrent Teſtimonies of all candid Perſons, who know any Thing of the Matter, can verify; and, indeed, the Party it bears hard on, are ſo much aſhamed of it, that none of them, but my Author, who, by his frequent Blabbing, is apparently but half-informed in their Maxims of Conduct, would venture to ſtart it to the Public Recollection. This, my Lord,

* Candid Inquiry, *Page* 38.

Lord, is one of these *complimenting Corporations* mentioned by our Author; and, to add all due Weight to these Compliments, we have but to observe an Instance or two among many of their notorious Abilities and moving Principles. To preserve their Independency, and prevent their falling under the Influence of OUR COUNTRY'S FRIEND, they complimented his, and the Kingdom's Enemies, with the entire and discretionary Disposal of themselves, their Corporation, and their every Measure; and are ready, at this Day, to hang themselves for conferring the Magistracy on a *Gentleman*, who, contrary to the Maxims of the true *mercantile Perseverance*, would not contribute to the Kingdom's Ruin, to gratify a private Pique, but joined in its Preservation under the Banner of him whom *they* so implacably hate.

As my Author mean'd no Harm to me, so, I believe, it will hardly be just to take him to Task for the Blows he has taken so much Pains to give the Gentleman, who is so unfortunate as not only to have my Pamphlet imputed to him, but also to bear all the personal Abuse it has excited. However, as he has incurr'd it all on my Account, so it may be necessary to become his Champion in as many Words as the Cause deserves. I will therefore only desire my Author, when he writes again, to keep clear of outrageous Scurrility: I can assure him it has done him infinite Mischief already, and brought much Disreputation on his Performances, particularly the last: Such a Conduct, indeed, would hurt the best Cause in the World, and adds double Deformity and accumulative Odium to a bad one, which stands no Chance of being tolerably received, but when under the Cover of cool, impartial Discussion, chaste Sentiment, and decent Plausibility.

He

He is much miſtaken if he thinks he is concealed, for I know him well; though that Knowledge came by Accident, and not Curioſity; for it is of little Conſequence to the World, or to me, who he is. Though his Bravaddes are meaned for another, yet this I muſt ſay, that could the public Intereſt, or any one material Purpoſe on Earth be ſecured by it, I would, with the greateſt Alacrity, emerge from my Privacy, and ſtand with as much Unconcern, as I now write, the utmoſt Fury of any of theſe his formidable Patrons, whom his abject Veneration magnifies into Deities. Though he aſſerts ſome uncommon Contrivance in the publiſhing of my *Letter*, he well knows it was advertiſed in the Papers for many Weeks, and ſold with the uſual Notoriety. What it is he preſumes on (or his Printer in affixing his Name) may be eaſily conjectured; but I can't help thinking his Obſcurity and Inſignificance are his beſt Dependence; for, without in the leaſt impeaching the Liberty of the Preſs, an Aſſertion of this Kingdom being nothing more than *a Province* to *England* *, and a *Right in them to tax us at Diſcretion*, would, in an Object of ſufficient Conſequence, ſtand a very good Chance of a very undeſirable Animadverſion.

What Penance or Atonement, he means to expect by his *Advertiſement*, for what I had advanced in my Letter, I proteſt, I am at a Loſs to know. I ſaid nothing but what was notorious, except the Information I had from *London* of the *intended* Union, the Truth of which I reiterate, and could ſhew the Voucher; nor will the Authority of it be impeached, ſhould the Deſign not be attempted, for that will eaſily admit of a Solution. As to the Deſertion accruing from his

* Political Paſtime, *Page* 19.

Patron's diſguſting Inſolence, if it is known to be true, and, did we want a Confirmation, our Author's ſupereminent Indignation at the Mention, would, I think, be ſufficient.

And now, my Lord, what have I more to ſay? To wiſh with all my Soul, and all my Faculties, that our Enemies may relinquiſh their vain and impracticable Projects, and the Society recover that Calm and Harmony ſo eſſential to its Felicity; that Ambition may ſoar ſtill higher, not content with being diſtinguiſh'd without being truly *Honour'd*, and ſtriving to the Temple of Fame by the only Path which will not miſlead, the Track of VIRTUE. That Prieſthood may adhere to the Doctrines of the Religion that has appointed it, and preſerve ſome Reverence and Gratitude for the Kingdom that ſupports its Affluence. And that Heaven will ſhower every Bleſſing on the inviolable Integrity and Fortitude of the DEFENDERS OF THEIR COUNTRY!

Theſe occaſional Interruptions of Bliſs, theſe chequer'd Diſpenſations of the Almighty Hand, the frail, infirm State of faulty Man requires. In a conſtant Tranquillity we ſhould grow too careleſs, too ſufficient, and overweening; perhaps, forgetful of that Providence on whom our every Breath depends; every generous Principle would decay for Want of Uſe, and our Natures become incapable of any Share of Perfection. An Occaſion like this awakens the latent Fires of every Virtue, gives every noble Spirit full Play for its Excellence, and ſtrikes out and energizes each real Character, ſo as at once to fulfil and juſtify the ALL-WISE Decrees. When the Storm has blown over, every Breaſt is more highly qualify'd for the Exertion of ſocial Excellence, and the Reliſh of the ineſtimable Bleſſings of Innocence and Liberty.

We

We hear of a Probability of Accommodation: No Event so desirable: And it were a Crime to doubt of its being grounded both firmly and justly. We may sleep secure of the Conduct of our national Guardians, who will consider our Adversaries in a Light, that Experience has long warranted, similar to the Character of the *French* Nation: Like them aspiring to universal Monarchy, and like them fighting by powerful *Conception*; inclined to Treaties only from their Weakness, and tenacious of them only as Means of more dangerous Attacks; indirect in every Measure, and designing in every Condescension; like them too, to be trusted only, when disabled, and the *Nerves* of their Power to be *cut*, to produce any Continuance of our Security. Peace can bring no great Sweets, while Treachery remains in Vigour. In the human Body, if a Sore should arise, even the Patient would prefer an Operation of some Pain to remove it, while the *Constitution* has the Superiority, to a superficial and temporary Healing, which would add to its Malignity, and enlarge its Influence: And in the Case of our Body politic, I am as thoroughly easy in the Conduct of our Protectors, as I should be in the other, were my Father my Physician.

If my Author will promise not to charge me with Incoherence, I would say three Words to those Gentlemen, who, from a noble Principle, are attach'd to the baseſt Cauſe; I mean those whom distributive Favours have obliged. It is hard to speak to such, for though one may have the greatest Hope of the Force of Reason where virtuous Motives are the Source of Conduct, yet Gratitude is a Sensation so ardent, so possessing the Whole of an honest Soul, that it becomes insensible to every Representation against the Objects of its Warmth. What then can be

done! Nothing, but conjuring them, in the Name of Virtue, to raiſe the Paſſion a little higher, and direct it to THE SOCIETY, entitled to the firſt and greateſt Claim; a Claim to which every other ſhould be ſubſervient, and which takes Place with the firſt Inſtant of our Reſpiration; THE CARE OF MILLIONS, the End of our Being, the Baſis of all Religion and all Morality, and the Uſe for which this and every other Principle were implanted in the human Breaſt. A *Caſar* could not, with all his Largeſſes of *uſurped Diſtributions*, oblige a BRUTUS to the Ruin of his Country; nor could the nobleſt Spirits of *Britain* reſiſt, in a later Caſe, the Call of PUBLIC GOOD, though reſtrained by every *Obligation* that Tyranny, and Popery *could* beſtow.

I have done, my Lord, and fear I ſhall never trouble you more with my Correſpondent, my worthy Author, ſo capable of the Idea of Liberty, and conſcious of the intereſting Feelings of Property. He will hold Commerce with none but one who writes like a Gentleman, and, I fear, his Notion of that, will be ſomewhat peculiar. My only Hope is, that he may change his Manner. As he forms every Step on ſome Plan of Antiquity, and cannot tell you of a ſprube ſnug Fellow, without inſtancing *Dolabella*, or deſcribe the Reverſe, without introducing you to *Caſſius*, who knows but he has been reſtraining the Force of his Genius, and clouding its Brightneſs, on the Maxim of his darling *Horace*, and we may find him one of theſe ſurpriſing Authors who chuſe

Non Fumum ex Fulgore, ſed ex Fumo dare Lucem,

So that his next Attempt may dazzle the World with its Splendor.

I beg

I beg Pardon for the Length of this Epiſtle, which has been occaſioned not by our Writer, but the Cauſe on which he has faſten'd himſelf. With all due Compliments

2 7 49

I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient

humble Servant.

FINIS

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE AUTHOR of this LETTER begs the Favour of the *Candid Inquirer* not to imagine that his *Political Paſtime* is thought, by any Perſon, to fall under the Condition ſtipulated for their Correſpondence; or that this preſent Letter proceeds from any ſuch Opinion, or any Motive but a Deſire of expreſſing ſome Sentiments [illegible] Author was full of, to which the Folly of [illegible] ſubject afforded the introduction leſs [illegible] than a Profeſſion of a regular Eſſay.

Just imported from LONDON,

I. HONESTY the best POLICY, or the History of *ROGER*. The Seventh Edition. Wherein the *Characters* and *Paſſages*, omitted by the Editor of the former Editions, are reſtored. To which is prefixed, A Letter from the *Author* to the *Printer*.

II. A VINDICATION of the R—t H——e and H——e L—ds and Gentlemen, who have been baſely aſperſed, and ſcandalouſly miſ-repreſented, in a late anonimous Work, intitled, *The Hiſtory of* ROGER. By a Lover of Truth.

III. *HIBERNIA* PACATA: or, A Narrative of the Affairs of *Ireland*, from the famous Battle of *Clontarf*, where *Brian Boiram* defeated the *Norwegians*, till the Settlement under *Henry* II. Written originally in *Iriſh*, and now firſt tranſlated by Father *Neri* of *Tuam*; and adorned with Notes by ſeveral Hands.

IV. DEDICATION on DEDICATION: or, A ſecond Edition of a Dedication to his Grace the D—— of *D*——. Wherein ſome curious Anecdotes are brought to Light. Very neceſſary to be known at this Time.

V. The *HARLEQUINS*. A Comedy. After the Manner of the *Teatre Italien*. As it is now acting, with great Applauſe, by a Company of Gentlemen, for the Entertainment of their Friends, at the Great Room in *Drumcondra-lane*.

VI. An ANSWER to a late Pamphlet, intitled, "A Free and Candid Inquiry, *&c.* addreſſed to "the Repreſentatives of this Kingdom."

VII. A

VII. A LETTER to a Perſon of Diſtinction in Town, from a Gentleman in the Country. Containing ſome Remarks on a late Pamphlet, intitled, "A Free and Candid Inquiry, &c."

Now Publiſhing, WEEKLY,

PATRICK's *Purgatory*;

OR,

A Fragment ſhall be ſaved.

Being the HISTORY of *PATRICK* reſtored and cleared from the ſcandalous Aſperſions of a ſpurious Biographer.